

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 224.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1826.

[PRICE 2d.

The Lion of Waterloo.



We have been favoured by a gentleman who has visited the plains of Waterloo during the past summer with a French print accurately representing the colossal lion, which was placed on its pedestal the 30th of October, 1826. The above engraving of this monument, erected in commemoration of the memorable battle, is a pleasing and correct view, and its exact situation in the field is thus described by our correspondent:—"In the distance is the immense mound on which is placed the British and Belgic lion, manufactured at the court foundery in Brussels. The mound is a spiral pyramid, and the summit is reached by a road ten feet wide. The monument on the right is erected to the memory of Sir Alexander Gordon, which has an inscription; and that on the left is to the memory of some officers of the German legion. The road between them is the turnpike to Nivelles, which cuts through the centre of the field. The spectator is supposed to have come from Brussels, through Waterloo, and over Mount St. Jean, in the rear of the field."

Near the tomb of Sir Alexander Gordon stood the celebrated *Wellington Tree*, which was, some time since, purchased

by a gentleman, and transferred to his own garden in England.

On the monument raised to the memory of the German legion, is an inscription in these words:—

To the Memory
Of their Companions in Arms
who gloriously fell on the memorable
18th day of June, 1815,
This Monument
is erected by the Officers of
The King's German Legion.

The names of the officers who fell are recorded on the three other sides of the column.

It is remarked in a very interesting quarto volume, embellished with numerous coloured engravings of the monuments and other views of the field and village of Waterloo, entitled, "Here and There over the Water, being Cullings in a Trip to the Netherlands," that from the point on which stands the monument to the memory of the German Legion, "a view is embraced of the greatest part of the field of battle, including the positions of the British and French armies, viz.—

the two ridges running parallel with each other, between which

'They cried havoc, and let slip the dogs of war;' and one cannot but feel rivetted to the spot in the contemplation of

'The feats that were done that day,'

(which must be in every Briton's mind 'freshly remembered,) and in comparing the tremendous hurly-burly, roar of cannon, clash of arms, and dreadful laughter of that day, with the present peaceful face of the landscape, and the soft silence that reigns around, which, excepting when it is occasionally slightly broken by the notes of some little warbler, the deep cawing of a passing crow, or the distant cheerful voices of the parti-coloured peasants engaged, perhaps, in harvest, is

'Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
While not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.'

EPICISM.

(For the Mirror.)

SWETEN, O hard divine, thy numbers seem,
Than to the scorched swain the cooling stream,
Or soft on fragrant flow'rets to recline,
And the tired limbs to balmy sleep resign.

BRATTLE'S 5th Pastoral of Virgil.

Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow to the roar.

GRAY.

"How great a matter a little fire kindleth!" How great an event a little cause produceth! The other day, while plodding along, the heavens began to "drop fatness" rather too plentifully for my threadbare envelope, and I was obliged to seek shelter in the house of a friend. I had scarcely entered ere he cried "Appropos! just the thing! you must go with me."—"Where?"—"Why I'll tell you; an amateur poet of my acquaintance has been a long, very long time past composing an epic poem; it is now completed, and to-day he intends to submit it to the perspicacity of a few critical friends. In short, I and many more have been invited to dinner, and you must accompany me."—"Well, if I must, I must. But do tell me something about him; you know my *mauvaise honte*."—"Oh! in the first place, he is very vain, so much so, that you must call him Mr. Milton."—"Indeed! Why so?"—"He wrote a poem once, which he conceived to be so exact an imitation of Milton's poetry, that he has ever since considered Milton his literary cognomen."—"Well, it's no worse than latinizing his name, as quondam scholars did."—"True."

The rain had now subsided; we es-

sayed to march, and with flattering anticipations hastened to the banquet. The company was grave, sedate, and all of the masculine gender. Little was said during dinner, but much was done; a most unphilosophical practice. How could the inner man be capable of appreciating epic, when the outer man had been clogged with so much adventitious matter? Some of the guests seemed eminent professors of perpotation. My host was old, but still a literary enthusiast. His poetic fire had increased with his corporeal frigid. He feasted on earth, but he lived in empyrean.

Dinner over, desultory conversation ensued; at length Mr. M. said, "You know, gentlemen, I have been many years engaged on an epic poem. I have never divulged the subject, lest it might lead to competition—which is very unpleasant, you know. The poem is now finished, and I shall read it over, hoping that any gentleman will offer any remarks he may think proper. Of course you will make some allowances, being an epic; indeed, it is rather an epical ode. The subject is the solar eclipse of 1715.* We mustn't come too near our own times."—"Ah!" said one, "I wrote some stanzas on a solar eclipse myself."—"But not an epic," said M.—"Oh, no, no!"—"Well," continued M. "I've written an epic, which I will now read (hem!) on the great solar eclipse of 1715."—"Sir," said a gentleman, "would it not be more poetic to say, on the obumbration of Phœbus?"—"Certainly," said another.—"Well," said M. "we'll settle that after the poem is gone through. It begins with a bold address. Gentlemen, excuse my want of elocution:—

O thou eclipsed orb, who shines so bright!
Thou turnest all our darkness into—NIGHT!

"What, sir?"—"I beg pardon; it is 'darkness into light.'"—"Oh! very good."—"Pray, Mr. M." said one, "how can an eclipsed orb shine bright?"—"Why, sir, the orb shines as bright as ever, though we can't see it; it is a learned idea."—"So I see, sir, and very sublime. Noble prosopopœia!"—"But, sir," said a critic, "you have indulged in licentious expression; you say, 'O thou who shines!' it should be *shinest*."—"Yes," said M. "but the measure won't allow it. The words must vail to the idea."—"Sir, they should not, they must not; you say, thou turnest, why not thou

* To account for Mr. M's choice, I would observe, that the eclipse of 1715 was total, and that the darkness was so great, that the stars appeared. An excellent paper respecting it by Dr. Malley, is printed in *Phil. Tran.* for 1715.

shinest?"—"It can't be altered just now, however," replied M.—"Sir," said another, "you have put the reverse of the fact; an eclipse turns our light to darkness, not all our darkness into light."—"Oh, yes," said M., "it does when it is subsiding."—"Well, go on, sir," said two or three.

*"On our dark ball, thy beatific beams,
Impinge in ever-during lucent streams."*

"Beautifully harmonious!" cried one.—"Very incorrect!" cried another.—"Pray, sir, if 'beatific beams in lucent streams' impinge on our globe, how can it be a 'dark ball'?"—"It is dark while the eclipse lasts."—"Yes, so it is, but then no beams flow from"—"Oh, yes they do!"—"Well, but they don't impinge on our dark ball."—"I am thinking," said one, "it may be applicable at those places where the eclipse was not seen."—"Pooh, pooh," rejoined another, "there the ball was not dark."—"It is truly," said M., "a moot point; but it's a fine expression, an't it?"—"Sublime!" cried one, "but too obscure."—"Obscure!" cried M., "why obscurity is a source of the sublime."—"Aye, very good."—"But, M.," said another, "how can the lucent streams be ever-during; we have night, you know?"—"Sir," replied M., "they are ever-during on our globe, though not on any particular part of it."—"But the vulgar, you know, won't see this."—"Oh, the d—! take the vulgar; who writes for them?"—"I think," said an ancient, very gravely, "you have asserted too much when you say, 'the beams impinge in streams'; how do you know this?"—"From Newton's *Principia*," said M.—"Yes, but I hold the sun to be an efficient, not an emanative cause; with Euler, I hold that it produces certain vibrations in a certain fluid, which certainly produce light; for that certain vibrations"—"Oh, nonsense," cried M., "what have fluids, &c. to do with it?"—"As a medium," replied the other—"Oh, that don't matter; it's sublime, that's enough, that's what I aim'd at."—"Proceed, sir," said several voices.—"Gentlemen, you know I much admire adapting the sound to the sense. I have attempted it in the following lines; I purposely altered the measure:—

*Pegasus cannot reach thee,
Thou elegant shiny thing,
Thy*

"Sir, sir, what is meant by its being out of the reach of Pegasus?"—"Simply this," answered M., "that all the poet's flights cannot arrive at it—that is, can't describe it adequately."—"Pray,

sir," asked one, "is not 'elegant shiny thing' rather puerile?"—"Oh no, sir, very pleasing expression indeed."—"I still think, sir, that 'beautiful shining' would be better; beautiful is sweeter than elegant."—"But the participle is worse than the adjective," rejoined M.—"Well, well, go on, Mr. Milton."—"I must repeat the first two lines, gentlemen:—

*"Pegasus cannot reach thee,
Thou elegant shiny thing,
Thy constant regular motions,
Make all the heavens ring."*

"Sir, what is this," cried one; "how do the heavens ring?"—"What sir, don't you see? This is a very delicate allusion to the music of the spheres," replied M.; "that divine, celestial harmony!"—"But," said a gentleman, "the sun is stationary; it has not constant regular motions."—"But it appears to move," rejoined M.; "and you know, sir, that poetry has more to do with appearances than realities."—"True, but it may lead to erroneous conceptions."—"That is *impo*rtant; it is a pleasing idea," said M.—"I will just hint," said one, "that 'constant regular motions' may awaken a vulgar idea; suppose you say 'harmonious heavenly motions.'"—"Well, I shall think of that," replied M. "You will see, gentlemen," he continued, "in the third line, how finely the sound suits the sense; nay, it echoes the sense."—"Sir," said a critic, "I think that line very rugged."—"No! it is lively; it is indicative of pernicious, such as the apparent motion of the sun," rejoined M.—"Well, I think," continued the other, "it expresses laborious, difficult motion."—"And, sir," cried another, "so do I; it wants more labials, less gutturals."—"This was a moot point for three or four hours; at length it was agreed to let the poem remain in *statu quo*.

This protracted debate exhausted that time which should have been occupied in criticising Mr. M.'s poem. Mr. M., therefore, declined reading more at present; but he rose and said, "Gentlemen, I will just inform you, that I most probably shall introduce an episode on the loves of the sun and moon—a fine fiction!—rare work for the fancy!—also a duel between Mars and Saturn."—"Long way apart, Mr."—"Oh, ethereal artillery will cover the distance," said M.—"But, sir, love between so ancient creatures will be rather ludicrous," said one.—"Oh," cried M., "I shall carry the time back two or three thousand years."—"You must, however, avoid the classical ages," rejoined the former, "for you know certain of the ancients held the moon to be the sun's sister, who consoled the world

for her brother's absence. I think such an episode it will be difficult to reduce to any thing like probability."—"Probability!" cried M., "what does that matter?"—"Besides," continued the other, their love must be a species of Platonic love, or perhaps a—non-descript species."—"Certainly the latter," said M., "as that will show invention. Sincere love is now so old-fashioned, and professed love so common, that I must strike out a species between the two."—"Very good, sir," responded most of the company.

Mr. M. now solicited, as a parting blessing, the opinions of "every individual one of us" on his performance. For myself, I pleaded inability, and happily this was a sufficient *indulto*. The company shortly after separated. Although it was past midnight a noon, yet the poem had been but very partially revealed. I hear it is to be remoulded and revised, and that it will, *perhaps*, be ready by the next grand solar eclipse, that is to say, the twenty-ninth day of November, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six.

J.

ARCHERY.

(For the Mirror.)

THE encouragement given to this noble exercise in former times, made it one of the national amusements of the people, as it was heretofore the safeguard and defence of the kingdom, and the dread and terror of its enemies. This long neglected means of recreation has, it appears, been taken up very warmly this summer, more particularly in the neighbourhood of Taunton; at Harlow, in Essex; Bury, in Suffolk; and Westminster; affording a fair promise of restoring an exercise as remote from vice and effeminacy as it is innocent and generous. An historical notice may therefore be acceptable.

The use of the bow is, without all doubt, of the earliest antiquity. It has likewise been the most universal of all weapons, having obtained amongst the most barbarous and remote people, who had the least communication with the rest of mankind. The figure of the bow is pretty much the same in all countries where it has been used; for it has generally two inflexions or bendings, between which, in the place where the arrow is drawn, is a right line. The Grecian bow was in the shape of a Z, of which form we meet with many, and generally adorned with gold or silver. The Scythian bow was distinguished from the bows of Greece and other nations, by its incurvation, which was so great, as to form a half moon or semicircle. The matter of

which bows were made, as well as their size, differed in different countries. The Persians had very great bows, made of reeds; and the Indians had also, not only arrows, but bows made of the reeds or canes of that country; the Lycian bows were made of the cornel tree; and those of the Ethiopians, which surpassed all others in magnitude, were made of the palm-tree. Though it does not appear that the Romans made use of bows in the infancy of their republic, yet they afterwards admitted them as hostile weapons, and employed auxiliary archers in all their wars. In drawing the bow, the primitive Grecians did not pull back their hand to their right ear, according to the fashion of modern ages, and of the ancient Persians, but placing their bow directly before them, returned their hand upon their breast. This was also the custom of the Amazons.

The bow is a weapon of offence amongst the inhabitants of Asia, Africa, and America, at this day; and in Europe, before the invention of fire arms, a part of the infantry were armed with bows. Louis XI. first abolished the use of them in France, introducing in their place, the halberd, pike, and broad sword. The long bow was formerly in great vogue in England, and many laws were made to encourage the use of it.

In the reign of Henry II. it had not, however, become very common. The spear at this time was the chief weapon employed in battle. How soon afterwards the English became so renowned in the use of the bow may be inferred from the proclamation of Edward II., by which it appears it had fallen into disuse, even at that early period:—

"That it would redound much more to the credit of the people if they would, like those of former times, apply themselves to archery, instead of spending their time in throwing stones, wood, or iron; in playing at hand-ball, foot-ball, or club-ball; in bull-baiting and cock-fighting, or in any more useless and dishonest games."

The army of Henry V. principally consisted of archers, inasmuch that the number amounted to 24,000. "The king," says Rymer, "paying twenty marks a year for an archer, which is a good deal above sixpence a day." In order to promote archery, it was enforced by Edward IV. "that every man should have a bow of his own height;" and by Henry VII. it was ordered, "that no bows were to be sold at a higher price than six shillings and four pence."

In many hospitals founded in the reign of Charles I., among the articles of bene-

faction recorded upon their walls, is this singular provision, "arms for the boys," which signified bows and arrows; and there are many places at this day, formerly resorted to, for the practice of this noble art, distinguished by appellations which indicate their ancient usage: such as Brentford Butts, Newington Butts, and many others of the like denomination. These were ordered to be erected in every parish.

What rendered the English bowmen more formidable was that they carried halberds with them, by which they were enabled upon occasion to engage in close fight with the enemy. In the reign of Henry VIII. the only expedient employed to support the military spirit was the reviving and extending the various laws enacted for the encouragement of archery, on which the defence of the kingdom was supposed to depend. Archery, nevertheless, appears to have fallen into frequent disuse. In the preamble to the 33rd of Henry VIII., it appears that by the intrusion of other pernicious games, archery had been for some time disused; to revive which this statute was made. It seems that the bows of the best kind were made of yew; and that this wood might be readily obtained, for this purpose yew trees were planted in churchyards. The sons of those only who were persons of fortune and fashion, if under seventeen years of age, were permitted to use such bows. The words of the statute are singular, and deserve remark:—"No person under seventeen years, except he, or his father or mother, have lands or tenements to the yearly value of ten pounds, or be worth, in value or movables the sum of forty marks sterling, shall shoot with any bow of yew, which shall be bought for him, after the feast of our Lady, next coming, under the pain to lose and forfeit six shillings and eight-pence." This statute makes provision of other kinds of wood for the common people, in the following manner:—"To the intent that every person may have bows of mean price, be it enacted, that every bowyer shall, for every bow that he maketh of yew, make four other bows, meet to shoot with, of elm, wick, hasill, ash, or other wood, apt for the same, under pain to lose and forfeit for every such bow so lacking, the sum of three shillings and four-pence." It seems there was a species of yew at this time called elk, the price of which is thus fixed by the statute:—"Moreover, no bowyer shall sell or put to sale to any of the king's subjects, any bow of yew of the tax called elk, above the price of three shillings and four-pence, under the pain to forfeit twenty shillings

for every bow sold above the said price." From these several considerations which occur in this statute, we can trace three resplendent qualities, courage, strength, and agility; which three united, inspire two more, generosity and magnanimity.

F. R. Y.

CURIOUS FACTS RELATING TO INSANITY.

(For the Mirror.)

ACCORDING to Mr. Haslam's statement, out of 265 patients in Bethlem Hospital, 205 were found to be of swarthy complexion, with dark or brown hair; the remaining 60 were of a fair skin, with light brown or red hair. Dr. Pinelle, on examining the register of the Bicetre, says, that he found inscribed a great many monks and priests, as also a considerable number of country people, who had been driven beside themselves by horrid pictures of futurity, several artists, as sculptors, painters, and musicians; some versifiers in ecstasies with their own productions; a pretty considerable number of advocates and attorneys; but there does not appear the name of a single person accustomed to the habitual exercise of his intellectual faculties; not one naturalist, or natural philosopher of ability; no chemist, no geometrician. In England, females are more subject to insanity than men, but abroad, the case is believed to be reversed. L'Estrange says, "A fellow in a madhouse being asked how he came there? Why, says he, the mad folks abroad are too many for us, and so they have mastered all the sober people and cooped them up here." Poor Nat. Lee, the dramatic poet, was confined in Bedlam, when he made (says his biographer, Baker,) that famous witty reply to a coxcomb scribbler, who had the cruelty to jeer him with his misfortune, by observing that it was an easy thing to write like a madman. "No," said Lee, "it is not an easy thing to write like a madman, but it is very easy to write like a fool."

W.

FORKS.

(For the Mirror.)

"I dine with forks that have but two prongs."
SWIFT.

NEITHER the Greeks nor the Romans have any name for forks, they were not used by the ancients, they used the *ligula*, similar to our spoons. Formerly, persons of rank kept, in their houses, a carver. The Chinese use no forks, but

have small sticks of ivory of very beautiful workmanship, inlaid with gold and silver. The use of forks was first known in Italy towards the end of the fifteenth century, but at that time they were not very common. In France, at the end of the sixteenth century, even at court, they were entirely new. Coryate, the traveller, is said to be the first person who used forks in England, on which account (says Beckmann) he was called by way of joke, *Fureifer*. In many parts of Spain, at present, forks are rarities. Among the Scots Highlanders, knives have been introduced at table only since the Revolution. Before that period every man had a knife of his own, as a companion to his dirk or dagger. The men cut the meat into small morsels for the women, who then put them into their mouths with their fingers. The use of forks, at table, was at first considered as a superfluous luxury; and, therefore, they were forbidden to convents, as was the case in regard to the congregation of St. Mawe. For further information, I refer the curious reader to Beckman's "Inventions," and the waiters who attended at the late civic feast.

P. T. W.

ODE TO NOVEMBER.

(For the Mirror.)

DRAWLING, dismal, dark November,
Foggy, frosty, foul by fits;
Pray make way for old December,
Once again to cheer our wits.

Moping, madd'ning, melancholy,
Murky, moody, murd'ring mirth,
Marring ev'ry moment jolly,
Mornus might perhaps give birth.

Sleepy, sullen, sluggish, sour,
Slyly shrouding sunny space;
Prithee, just for half an hour,
Show us half a pleasant face.

Hanging, drowning, cut-throat season,
Frenchmen, so of England say,
Might we not, with equal reason,
Bid them look at home, I pray?

Drowsy, dreary, dingy, dirty,
Dullest month of all the year;
Thanks to time, it's but for thirty,
And the *twenty-third* is here.

One more week, and, oh, November,
(Welcome exit!) we shall share,
All the joys of gay December,
Ladies' smiles and Christmas fare.

JACOBUS.

FRAGMENT.

(For the Mirror.)

He was there—

Prostrate upon the gravemound of his loved one,
In the pale moon-light streaming on the sod,
The cold dark sod that veiled the icy brow,
That now no more might throb with pensive thought

Of vanished dreams, that came not true:—vain clouds,

Delusive mists, that dim fair fancy's eye;
Those airy nothings that ensnare the soul!
Clothed as in spirits light—in purple tint,
Vermillion—gold—and gayest violet!
Of rash pursuit, of painted butterfly—
Which the hand grasps and crushes; the crushed heart

Attains its hope, the panting breathless bosom
Hath found its wish but worthless. Can it now
Recall the elastic soul, that springs renewed,
From mould'ring dust and smoking ashes, as
The bird flies from the flame, its heart's-blood fed,

Aloft to heaven to find new sunshine there?

The human heart, in vain must struggle with
Its sad, its cheerless fate—as owl must sit,

On the fallen fragment of its ruin wall,
Silent not reckless; but with many thoughts

Of parted greatness, many a bitter thought
Of the gay forms once that thronged within,

Must sit upon the tottering pedestal,
The lofty pillar low, entwined with weeds,

Expectant only of the coming hour
When it shall mingle, with its fallen fabric,

In the dust whence it sprang!
It hath followed

The wildfires glistening o'er the dark morass—
The waste, the heath, and in the unfathomed pool

To sinking, choked with sighs unsoothed, unsought—

Left to the lonely gush of wild remorse.

Yes, he was there! he plucked with listless hand
The weeds upon the grave-mound; he had lost

The one he loved by death, and what was death?
It was not the departure of the spirit,

The losing of the pure ethereal essence
From the clay walls that bound and prisoned it;

It was the reaving of his soul's idol,
The breaking of a trance, a flowery dream

That must be broken; he was sorrowful—
He was, that he had proved the tale was true

That lately he believed not—by the lips
Of them who loved him uttered, that all hope

On earth was vain, that joy was as the track
Of meteor on meteor on the sky; he had learned

this,

And felt a void within, that naught
On earth could fill. This made him sorrowful;

It was that human heart, though taught to look
To years of evil, and heart-crushing wrong,

Can brook not its first shock. This made him
grieve;

And millions now have borne it, millions yet
Have it to bear, or sink beneath the weight—

Alas for them!

* The Phoenix.

The Novelist.

No. XCII.

THE APOSTATE.

[A Second Series of *Tales of the O'Hara Family*, comprising *The Nowlans* and *Peter of the Castle*, have been very recently published, and the following extract, combining striking incident of plot, vivid description of character, and fine touches of nature, is presented to our readers without delay. Mr. Banim, the talented author of the admirable tale of *The Boyne Water*, (a complete analysis of which was given in the last number of the MIRROR,) has added greatly to his reputation as a writer in the production of these volumes, and the reader in perusing them will discover passages of the highest beauty, and delineations of scenery of surpassing power.—It will be necessary to inform our readers, that the principal hero of the tale is John Nowlan, educated for a Catholic priest, who passionately loves, though doomed to celibacy by the profession to which he is dedicated, Letty Adams. The brother of Letty, Frank Adams (a villain of the blackest dye) is enamoured of John's sister, Peggy; and Nowlan, after his disclosure of love, alarmed at his apostacy, requests a parting interview, which we shall now introduce.]

THE hour of separation from his father and mother arrived; it will be imagined for us. Two men preceded him with his luggage to the road-side. Peggy took his arm as he walked from the threshold of his home. About half way to the stile, she professed, in a hesitating manner, to have forgotten something; said she would return for it; and he walked on alone.

Inside the stile he met Letty and her brother. The young gentleman carried a fowling-piece, to have a shot, as he expressed it, at whatever might come in the way. He also took from a side-pocket a pair of travelling pistols, of which he begged John's acceptance. The young priest refused them, with a smile at their uselessness to him; but his friend was so politely pressing, saying, as his journey was a long one, he did not know when they might be useful, and John accepted them; laying them on a bank where all were now sitting, in expectation of Peggy's arrival.

The lovers began their interview in the very way, indeed, they had sternly promised to each other's breasts; and neither trembled until the post-chaise was heard arriving, on the road near them. John

then expressed his surprise at Peggy's delay; and Frank clambered up an eminence to look out for her. But "she did not yet come in view," he said, "although the twilight might hide her figure." Then looking in another direction, he cried out, "A fox! I must have a shot at him!" and disappeared before John or Letty could urge him to remain.

Upon thus finding themselves alone, they shook like condemned criminals. They were silent. They arose, and stepped apart, affecting to be engaged in looking out for Frank or Peggy. The sudden report of Frank's fowling-piece was heard. Letty bounded as if its contents had been levelled at her heart—then tottered, and was falling. John caught her in his arms. Absolutely overpowered, she clung to him. Again he returned her embrace!

In but a few moments more he was rushing, haggard and wild, out of the little retreat. He had started from his blaspheming knees, tearing his hair, foaming—a maniac. The pistols given him by Frank lay in his way. He snatched them up with a cry of mad joy, and ran forward, in the impulse of but removing himself from her sight, and then putting an end to his own life. A stifled laugh sounded close to his ear—he turned, expecting to see standing palpably before him, the triumphant enemy of man. Maggy Nowlan, now showing no symptom of laughter, confronted him at the turn from the dell.

"Stop, priest John!" she cried, "I was lookin' for you to tell you a secret; last night, your sister Peggy lost herself to a friend of your's, and they are now hard by together, an' she on her knees, beggin' him to make her an honest woman."

His random suspicions of the day burst in his already raging breast.

"Bring me to them!" he gasped.

"This way, then;" and Maggy walked on.

"*Salve et benedicite*, brother!" interrupted the steady tones of Friar Shanaghan, stopping his "poor grey," at the road-side, in view of John. The madman uttered another shout, sprang back to the road, stuffing the pistols into his breast, clasped the astonished old man by the hand, then seized his arm, and cried out, "Down from your saddle, sir!—down, quickly!"

"Why, and whither, man?"

"To do a good deed! to save souls!—Heaven sends you! down, down!—life and death are in it! down!"

He forced him down, and the old friar, thus exhorted, allowed himself to be hur-

ried along. Again John met Maggy; again called on her to lead the way.

"Only on one promise do I lade either of you," she answered; "promise—swear!—that you will not tell him that I warned you."

"We swear by ten thousand heavens and hells—go on!"

"There they are, then," resumed Maggy, pointing to a gap in a field, as she retreated far from the coming scene.

John dragged in the friar, and saw, indeed, Peggy kneeling to Mr. Frank, and with the wildest energy urging him to something, while he stood over her in an impassioned but stern attitude.

"Villain!" screamed John Nowlan, bursting between them; "right her this moment! here is your own gift to make you," presenting the pistols; "and here is the priest God has sent to help you."

Peggy started, screaming, from her knees, calling on him to hold his hand and his purpose; Frank, shrinking back, utterly confounded, asked what he meant. The friar laid his hand on his arm. John sprang aside: "Touch me not, sir!" he roared; "let no man venture that! but proceed in your duty to make this guilty pair man and wife; or, by the Heaven we have all outraged, you shall be my victim, before I shoot him and her, and then destroy myself! Take her hand, seducer, villain! she already wears a ring—that will do! take her hand, I say, or—"

"John Nowlan! brother!" interrupted Peggy, again dropping on her knees to him; "why do you ask this? what terrible madness has come over you?"

"The madness that is necessary for this! Up, woman, and stand by his side! one of our father's children, at least, shall have a good name after this night—a patched-up good name, may be, but no matter; up! or as sure as the same mother bore us, I will kill you at my feet!" He held the pistol to her head; it pressed her forehead; she sprang up. Still pointing the pistols at her and Frank, he continued to roar for the office of the friar.

"Let the madman have his way," said Frank coolly, after a pause, and he took Peggy's hand; she struggled, and "Hear me, John," she cried; "I wish not this, I—"

"Not another word!" he exclaimed. All further opposition seemed not only useless, but really dangerous, to a degree too horrible to contemplate; in vain did the friar try to exert his voice; in vain did Peggy add, "Brother, brother, you are ruining me!" At the maniac's still increasing threats, the old ecclesiastic drew out his missal, and, in a few mo-

ments, Mr. Frank and Peggy Nowlan were married.

"That will do, I wish ye joy!" resumed John, when the sudden ceremony was over; "good bye, sister; brother Frank, good bye," shaking their hands; "and new for my own luck; you'll hear of me, if you do not hear from me; good night!"

He was rushing from them; "John! John!" cried Peggy, "throw down the pistols;" she ran after him, and a second time fell at his feet.

He stopped a moment. His glaring eyes darted into hers. He flung the pistols far over her head; kissed her cheek, and finally disappeared from his overwhelmed sister. A few bounds brought him back to the poor Letty. She reclined, senseless, on the earth. He caught her up in his arms, muttering, "And now no tie but that one which crime has tied, which hell binds close! No lot but your lot, my victim! Here lowly you shall not lie, to be spurned and scorned of all, and I the undoer! Come, I can yet sacrifice myself with you! The father's and mother's curse, the curse of that church whose fallen minister I am, the shouts of the world, shall follow me; still we shall be one! Come, Letty!" He ran with her to the post-chaise, lifted her into the seat his sister Peggy was to have occupied; was whirled off on his road to Dublin, and seven years elapsed before any positive tidings of John Nowlan reached his native place, with the exception of a circumstance known only to the old clergyman, Mr. Kennedy, which that gentleman never divulged.

MAGLIABECHI.

THIS singular character, who was considered a prodigy in learning, was gifted with the faculty of memory in a surprising degree. A gentleman of Florence, having written a piece which was to be printed, lent the manuscript to Magliabechi for his perusal, who returned it to the author with many thanks. Some time after, the writer, with a melancholy countenance, came to Magliabechi, and told him of some invented accident, by which, he said, he had lost his manuscript; and entreated Magliabechi, whose character for remembering what he read was already very great, to try to recollect as much of it as he possibly could, and write it down for him against his next visit. Magliabechi assured him he would do so, and, on setting about it, wrote down the whole manuscript, without missing a word, or even varying, according to his biographer, any where from the spelling.

Burford Priory.



BURFORD PRIORY, the seat of Mr. Lenthall, is situated near the town of Burford, in Oxfordshire, through which runs the river Windrush. Burford has a market for corn and cattle, and there are extensive manufactories of saddles, rugs, and duffles. The church is a spacious edifice, with a good spire. The inhabitants celebrate a festival on midsummer-eve in commemoration, as they affirm, of an engagement at Battle-edge, a short distance west of the town; where Ethelbald, king of the Mercians, was defeated by Cuthred, king of the west Saxons. Another encounter took place in 1649, wherein Fairfax, the parliamentary general, gained a victory over the opposite party, and took 1,400 prisoners. Burford is an ancient place, a synod for certain ecclesiastical regulations having been convoked at it in the year 685. Its distance from Oxford is seventeen miles: its population is small, containing only two thousand inhabitants.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE RAVEN.

THE raven! In a solitary glen, sits down on a stone the roaming pedestrian, beneath the hush and gloom of a thundery sky, that has not yet begun to growl, and hears no sound but that of an occasional big rain-drop plashing on the bare bent; the crag high overhead sometimes utters a sullen groan,—the pilgrim, starting, listens, and the noise is repeated, but instead of a groan, a croak—croak—

croak! manifestly from a thing with life. A pause of silence! And hollower and hoarser the croak is heard from the opposite side of the glen. Eyeing the black sultry heaven, he feels the warm plash on his face, but sees no bird on the wing. By and by, something black lifts itself slowly and heavily up from a precipice, in deep shadow; and before it has cleared the rock-range, and entered the upper region of air, he knows it to be the raven. The creature seems wroth to be disturbed in his solitude, and in his strong straightforward flight, aims at the head of another glen; but he wheels round at the iron-barrier, and alighting among the heather, folds his huge massy wings, and leaps about in anger, with the same savage croak—croak—croak! No other bird so like a demon;—and should you chance to break a leg in the desert, and be unable to crawl to a hut, your life is not worth twenty-four hours purchase. Never was there a single hound in all lord Darlington's packs, since his lordship became a mighty hunter, with nostrils so fine as those of that feathered fiend, covered though they be, with strong hairs or bristles, that grimly adorn a bill of formidable dimensions, and apt for digging out eye-socket, and splitting skull-suture, of dying man or beast. That bill cannot tear in pieces like the eagle's beak, nor are its talons so powerful to smite as to compress,—but a better bill for cut-and-thrust—push, carte, and tierce—the dig dismal, and the plunge profound—belongs to no other bird. It inflicts great gashes; nor needs the wound to be repeated on the same spot. Feeder

foul and obscene! to thy nostril upturned "into the murky air, sagacious of thy quarry from afar," sweeter is the scent of carrion, than to the panting lover's sense and soul the fragrance of his own virgin's breath and bosom, when, lying in her innocence in his arms, her dishevelled tresses seem laden with something more ethereally pure, than "Sabeian odours from the spicy shores of Araby the Blest."

The raven dislikes all animal food that has not a deathly smack. It cannot be thought that he has any reverence or awe of the mystery of life. Neither is he a coward; at least, not such a coward as to fear the dying kick of a lamb or sheep. Yet so long as his victim can stand, or sit, or lie in a strong struggle, the raven keeps aloof—hopping in a circle that narrows and narrows as the sick animal's nostrils keep dilating in convulsions, and its eyes grow dimmer and more dim. When the prey is in the last agonies, croaking, he leaps upon the breathing carcass, and whets his bill upon his own blue-ringed legs, steadily by claws in the fleece, yet not so fiercely inserted as to get entangled and fast. With his large level-crowned head bobbing up and down, and turned a little first to one side and then to another, all the while a self-congratulatory leer in his eye, he unfolds his wings, and then folds them again, twenty or thirty times, as if dubious how to begin to gratify his lust of blood; and frequently when just on the brink of consummation, jumps off side, back, or throat, and goes dallying about round and round, and off to a small safe distance, scenting, almost snorting, the smell of the blood running cold, colder, and more cold. At last the poor wretch is still; and then, without waiting till it is stiff, he goes to work earnestly and passionately, and taught by horrid instinct how to reach the entrails, revels in obscene gluttony, and preserves, it may be, eye, lip, palate, and brain, for the last course of his meal, gorged to the throat, incapacitated to return thanks, and with difficulty able either to croak, or to fly!

The raven, it is thought, is in the habit of living upwards of a hundred years, perhaps a couple of centuries. Children grow into girls, girls into maidens, and maidens into wives, wives into widows, widows into old decrepit crones, and crones into dust; and the raven, who wons at the head of the glen, is aware of all the births, baptisms, marriages, death-beds, and funerals. Certain it is, at least, that he is aware of the death-beds, and the funerals. Often does he flap his wings against door and window

of hut, when the wretch within is in extremity, or, sitting on the heather-roof, croaks horror into the dying dream. As the funeral winds its way towards the mountain cemetery, he hovers aloft in the air—or swooping down nearer to the bier, precedes the corpse like a sable sauley. While the party of friends are carousing in the house of death, he too, scorning funeral baked meats, croaks hoarse hymns and dismal dirges as he is devouring the pet-lamb of the little grandchild of the deceased. The shepherds say that the raven is sometimes heard to laugh. Why not, as well as the hyena? Then it is that he is most diabolical, for he knows that his laughter is prophetic of human death. True it is, and it would be injustice to conceal the fact, much more to deny it, that ravens of old fed Elijah; but that was the punishment of some old sin committed by two, who before the flood bore the human shape; and who, soon as the ark rested on Mount Ararat, flew off to the desolation of swamped forests and the disfigured solitude of the drowned glens. Dying ravens hide themselves from day-light in burial-places among the rocks, and are seen hobbling into their tombs, as if driven thither by a flock of fears, and crouching under a remorse that disturbs instinct, even as if it were conscience. So sings and says the Celtic superstition—adding that there are raven ghosts, great black bundles of feathers, for ever in the forest night-hunting, in famine, for prey, emitting a last feeble croak at the blush of dawn, and then all at once invisible.

Blackwood's Magazine.

RETIREMENT.

When sober-minded evening reigns,
And spreads her mantle o'er the plains,
What time the sun withdraws his ray,
And bears to distant climes the day;
When clouds, in golden fringed vest,
Adorn the margin of the west,
Impurpled o'er with lingering light,
Whilst in the east comes on the night;
Then let my steps delighted stray,
Where dusky twilight guides my way,
Across the rich enamelled meads,
And where the grassy footpath leads
Towards the hamlet's peaceful bound,
Whilst breathless silence hems me round;
(Save when, with sweetly warbling throat,
The nightly songstress tunes her note,
And when the soft refreshing breeze
Whispers the responsive trees;) There let me muse with thoughts refined,
And sweet serenity of mind;
Indulge the holy heavenly hour
Of mild reflection's chast'ning power.

Astoria Journal.

LACONISMS FROM THE GERMAN.

[THE following gems are taken from *The Literary Magnet*, a contemporary periodical, published monthly—a work of very great merit, and conducted with much liberality and spirit. Poetical contributions from *Alario A. Watts*, *Cornelius Webbe*, *Mrs. Rolls*, and other distinguished authors, occupy a portion of each number, and there are tales and vivid sketches of character of the most superior order.—ED.]

THE test of an enjoyment is the remembrance which it leaves behind it.—*J. Paul*.

SERENITY of mind is nothing worth, unless it has been earned: a man should be at once susceptible of passions, and able to subdue them.—*Ibid*.

JOY makes us grieve for the brevity of life; sorrow causes us to be weary of its length; trouble and industry can alone render it supportable.—*Moritz*.

THE throb of the heart is the voice of fate.—*Schiller*.

LET humility be the virtue of the wise man, that he may appear like the fruit-burthened bough, pressed down by the weight of his own worth.—*Sadi*.

ALAS! the flame of friendship shines but in the nights of life; for the sun of prosperity overpowers its rays.—*Ernst Scholtz*.

MEMORY is like a picture gallery of our past days.—The fairest and most pleasing of the pictures are those which immortalize the days of useful industry.—*Streithorst*.

THE sun produces life, or causes death, according as its rays fall—and so doth love.—*Anonymous*.

PUT away presumptuousness and pride; if they assail thy heart, think of the beginning and end of life. Narrow, indeed, are the cradle and the coffin: in both we slumber alike helpless, to-day a germinating dust, to-morrow a crumbling germ.—*Wesselmann*.

FORGET not that human virtue is a polished steel, which is rusted by a breath.—*Wächler*.

Do the favours of Fate startle you? Fear her smiles yet more.—*Haug*.

VIRTUE is little wont to look back after her shadow Reputation.—*Tiedge*.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

THE COUNTRY LASS.

BY MISS MITFORD.

THE first appearance of the little lass is something after the manner of a caterpillar, crawling and creeping upon the grass, set down to roll by some tired little nurse of an older sister, or mother with her hands full. There it lies—a fat, boneless, rosy piece of health, aspiring to the accomplishments of walking and talking; stretching its chubby limbs! scrambling and sprawling; laughing and roaring; there it sits, in all the dignity of the baby, adorned in a pink checked frock, a blue spotted pinafore, and a little white cap, tolerably clean, and quite whole. One is forced to ask if it be boy or girl; for these hardy country rogues are all alike, open eyed, and weather-stained, and nothing fearing. There is no more mark of sex in the countenance than in the dress.

In the next stage, dirt-encrusted enough to pass for the chrysalis, if it were not so very unquiet, the gender remains equally uncertain. It is a fine, stout curly-pated creature of three or four, playing and rolling about, amongst grass or mud all day long; shouting, jumping, screeching—the happiest compound of noise and idleness, rage and rebellion, that ever trod the earth.

Then comes a sun-burnt gipsy of six, beginning to grow tall and thin, and to find the cares of the world gathering about her; with a pitcher in one hand, a mop in the other, an old straw bonnet of ambiguous shape, half hiding her tangled hair; a tattered stuff petticoat, once green, hanging below an equally tattered cotton frock, once purple; her longing eyes fixed on a game of baseball at the corner of the green, till she reaches the cottage door, flings down the mop and pitcher, and darts off to her companions, quite regardless of the storm of scolding with which the mother follows her runaway steps.

So the world wags till ten; then the little damsel gets admission to the charity school, and trips mincingly thither every morning, dressed in the old-fashioned blue gown, and white cap, and tippet, and bib and apron of that primitive institution, looking as demure as a nun, and as tidy; her thoughts fixed on button holes and spelling-books—those ensigns of promotion; despising dirt and baseball, and all their joys.

Then at twelve, the little lass comes home again, uncapped, untipped, unschooled; brown as a berry, wild as a colt, busy as a bee—working in the fields, digging in the garden, frying rashers, boiling potatoes, shelling beans, darning stockings, nursing children, feeding pigs;—all these employments varied by occasional fits of romping and flirting, and idle play, according as the nascent coquetry, or the lurking love of sport, happens to preponderate; merry and pretty, and good with all her little faults. It would be well if a country girl could stand at thirteen. Then she is charming. But the clock will move forward, and at fourteen she gets a service in the neighbouring town; and her next appearance is in the perfection of the butterfly state, fluttering, glittering, inconstant, vain,—the gayest and gaudiest insect that ever skimmed over a village green. And this is the true progress of a rustic beauty, the average lot of our country girls; so they spring up, flourish, change, and disappear. Some indeed marry and fix amongst us, and then ensues another set of changes, rather more gradual perhaps, but quite as sure, till gray hairs, wrinkles, and lindsey-woolsey, wind up the picture.—*Our Village.*

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE EAR.

A HOLLOW cavern seems the general structure of the organ of hearing, as best fitted for receiving and reflecting sound.

So necessary is this cavernous shape of the external ear to the reception of sound, that we are told the celebrated tyrant of Syracuse, Dionysius, caused a cavern to be formed in a rock, corresponding to the shape of the human ear, where he used to confine his state prisoners; and from the strong vibration, and echoes of the sound, he was enabled to learn the secret conversations they held, and thus condemn or acquit them accordingly.

In the different tribes of animals, it is liable to considerable varieties in the appearance and manner of its formation, and in its appendages.

In man it is more perfect in its structure than in any other animal; and it is, also, of more importance to him than to any other of the creation.

All animals, as far as we know, possess this sense; it was formerly doubted with respect to fishes. The organ of hearing in fishes was first discovered by the late Mr. John Hunter, and is prosecuted at considerable length in his work on the organ of hearing in fishes, by the late Professor Monro, of Edinburgh. Thus the modern researches and disco-

veries in comparative anatomy have sufficiently established their possession of this sense, as well as the other classes.

The impressions the organ of hearing receives are conveyed through the medium of air, which acquires from the action of the body communicating sound a tremulous motion or vibration; and as these motions or vibrations succeed each other, sound is impressed or directed to the thin membrane stretched obliquely across the auditory passage, named the tympanum, where it produces a similar motion, which latter motion carried on, excites a corresponding feeling in the mind.

That sound can only be conveyed through the medium of air, is fully confirmed by the experiments of the diving-bell; for if a sonorous body is placed in it, as a bell, for example, in consequence of its being exhausted of air, no sound is produced, nor can the ringing of the bell be heard.

Though *hearing* is more perfect in man than in any other animal, it is not so at the period of birth; an infant hears at first very imperfectly, and only strong sounds.

In all animals the ear is divided into an external and internal part, and the difference in the structure of the organ of hearing is greater in the external ear than in the internal.

In quadrupeds this difference of structure is more conspicuous than in the rest, and this difference or variety seems intended to adapt the animal the better for its particular circumstances or mode of life.

On examining the external ear in quadrupeds, it is found to resemble the oblique section of a cone, from near the apex to the base. Hares, and other animals exposed to danger, and liable to be attacked by man or beasts of prey, have large ears, and they are particularly directed backwards; while their eyes at the same time, full and prominent, warn them of any danger in front. Rapacious animals, on the contrary, have their ears placed directly forwards, as is observable in the lion, the tiger, the cat, and others. Where the peculiar nature of animals is such as to require that sound be distinctly heard from a low situation, as, for instance, slow hounds and others, they will be found to have either large pendulous ears, or to have them flexible, since they move their heads with more difficulty than man.

Much advantage may be taken of this circumstance in the construction of mechanical contrivances for assisting hearing; some animals keep their head to the ground, as if impressing the sound more

strongly on the organ ; and in the case of deaf persons, such contrivances should be made nearly of a length to touch the ground, which would give ample compass for the reception and retention of sound.

Fowls, again, differ from quadrupeds in having no external ear ; but in place of it there is a tuft of very fine feathers, which covers the passage to the ear ; this covering allows the sound to pass easily through, and it also prevents any insects or external matters, which might prove a source of injury, from getting into it.

To fowls an external ear would have been inconvenient, as causing an obstruction in the course of their flight, in passing through thickets, and other nearly impervious places. In their auditory passage also there is situated a liquor to lubricate it, and from its disagreeable quality, to prevent the entrance of insects.

In prosecuting our inquiries farther, the ear has been discovered in insects ; it lies at the root of their antennæ, or feelers, and can be distinctly seen in the lobster, and some others of the larger kind.

In the sea-tortoise, the frog, and other amphibious animals, its structure is peculiar, by there being no external meatus, but an expanded Eustachian tube at the back part of the roof of the mouth, near where the under and upper jaws articulate. This tube has a winding course behind the upper jaw, and leads to a large cavity resembling the cavity of the human tympanum, covered by the skin of the temple and a tough substance. The latter then passes into the bottom of the tympanum, and next into a smaller cavity filled with a watery humour, and last it opens into a third cavity, having three semicircular canals, and a sac containing a soft cretaceous substance, on the membrane of which are distributed the nerves. Thus making a comparison of it with the human ear, the tough substance, or cartilaginous body, supplies the small bones of our ear, and the membrane to which it is connected is analogous to the membrane of the foramen ovale. The sac and semicircular canals and nerves exactly resemble the human labyrinth, or internal ear.

On the whole, the more we extend our examination of this organ of *hearing*, we shall find it so constructed, in every class, as to be peculiarly adapted to the mode of life and other circumstances connected with the situation of the animal.—*Curtis's Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Ear.*

CURIOUS NAME.

At Highgate lives a gardener and nurseryman of the name of *Cutbush*.

Useful Domestic Hints.

BOILING MEATS AND POULTRY.

THE principal thing in boiling is, in the first place, to have whatever utensil is used perfectly clean ; secondly, to use plenty of water ; and, when the article boils, to have it well skimmed ; continue to do so until no more rises, repeatedly filling up the vessel with hot water as it consumes, and keeping it boiling gently, as it has a greater effect on the meats, and makes them more tender than when boiled in a violent or furious manner, which only serves to harden and spoil them.

Mutton and pork should be put in cold water, and suffered to boil gently.

Fowls, chickens, lamb, and rabbits, to be put in boiling water, sufficient to cover them, with a small piece of crumb of bread, and about two ounces of chopped mutton or beef suet, and a slice of lemon without peel. The object of this is to keep the article perfectly white during the operation of boiling, and to gather any impurity that may arise. The liquor will serve afterwards to make soups and broths ; and when it is cold the fat may be used or clarified, as dripping. Care must be taken to keep the pot covered during the time of boiling, that no dust or smoke may hurt it ; and also to regulate it by time, that the article do not remain in the water long after it is done, as it soddens and loses all its juices and flavour.

A round of beef of twenty-five pounds will take four hours and a half, reckoning from the time it boils, as all joints are to be reckoned, and allowing a quarter of an hour to every pound of meat.

Aitchbone, of twelve pounds weight, three hours.

Briquet of beef, of ten pounds, ditto.

Leg of mutton, of ten pounds, three hours ; a turnip and sprig of thyme to be added.

Neck of mutton, of seven pounds, two hours.

Shoulder of ditto, of eight pounds, two hours and a half.

Leg of lamb, of five pounds, one hour and a half in boiling water.

Neck of lamb, four pounds, one hour and a quarter.

Leg of pork, of eight pounds, two hours and a half.

Hand of pork, of six pounds, two hours.

Ham, of sixteen pounds, five hours.

Beef tongues, from three to four hours.

Bacon, of three pounds, one hour and a half.

Pig's cheek, two hours. Pig's feet and ears, three hours.

Neck of veal, of ten pounds, two hours and a half.

Breast of ditto, of ten ditto, two hours and a half.

Knuckle of ditto, of eight ditto, two hours and a half.

Calf's head, with skin on, two hours and a half.

Fowls, one hour; rabbits, one hour; chickens, from one quarter to three quarters of an hour; partridge, half an hour; moor-game, three quarters of an hour; pheasants, like turkeys, one hour.

Small hen turkeys, from one hour to one hour and a half; larger ditto, from one hour and a quarter to two hours.—

Conrade Cooke's Cookery and Confectionary.

Miscellaneous.

THE ORIGINAL BLUE BEARD.

THIS celebrated personage, who has during our childhood, so frequently alarmed us on a dark night, and particularly the young ladies, is exhibited with great terror and advantage, in the drama founded on the French piece of *Barbe-bleue*. It is possible that some of his numerous spectators may desire to know something relative to his birth, parentage, and education. Our English compounder of this piece has made him a *bashaw*; taking up, no doubt, the popular idea, that the murderer of seven wives must undoubtedly have been a Turk. A learned foreigner, however, informs us, that the original Blue Beard was the Marquis de Laval, marshal of France, and descended from one of its most illustrious families.

This marshal seems to have been of most singular character. Mezeray has given a very satisfactory account of him; but the reader will be satisfied by the notices which he may find in the *Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique*. Laval was a general of great intrepidity, and distinguished himself in chasing back the English when they invaded France, in the reign of our Edward III. The services he rendered his country might have immortalized his name, had he not for ever blotted his glory by the most terrible murders, impieties, and debaucheries. His revenues were princely, his prodigalities might have made an emperor bankrupt. Wherever he went, he had in his suite a seraglio; a company of theatrical performers; a band of musi-

cians; a society of sorcerers; a great number of cooks; packs of dogs of various kinds; and more than two hundred led horses. Mezeray adds, that he encouraged and maintained sorcerers and enchanters to discover hidden treasures, and corrupted young persons of both sexes, that he might attach them to him, and afterwards killed them, for the sake of their blood, which was necessary to form his charms and incantations. Such horrid excesses are credible, when we recollect the age of ignorance and barbarity in which they were practised. At length, De Laval was brought to the scaffold for a *state crime*; the others were probably never noticed. His confession at his death is remarkable; he acknowledged that "*all his excesses were derived from his wretched education.*"

FIDELITY OF A DOG.

A FRENCH merchant having some money due from a correspondent, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive it. Having settled the business to his satisfaction, he tied the bag of money before him and began to return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, frisked round the horse, barked, jumped, and seemed to participate in his joy.

The merchant after riding some miles, alighted to repose himself under an agreeable shade, and taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and on remounting forgot it. His dog perceived his lapse of recollection, and wishing to rectify it ran to fetch the bag, but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran to his master, and by crying, barking, and howling, seemed to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not his language; but the assiduous creature persevered in its efforts, and, after trying to stop the horse in vain, at last began to bite his heels.

The merchant absorbed in some reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, but waked to the alarming apprehension that he was gone mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook he turned back to look if the dog would drink, the animal was too intent upon his master's business to think of itself; it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

"Mercy!" cried the afflicted merchant, "it must be so, my poor dog is certainly mad, what must I do? I must kill him lest some greater mischief befall me; but with what regret! Oh could I find any

one to perform this cruel office for me! but there is no time to lose, I myself may become the victim if I spare him."

With these words he drew a pistol from his pocket, and, with a trembling hand, took an aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired, but the aim was too sure; the poor animal falls wounded and weltering in his blood, and still endeavours to crawl towards his master as if to tax him with ingratitude.

The merchant could not bear the sight, he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented he had taken a journey which had cost him so dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind; he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection, that he had prevented a greater evil by despatching a mad animal, than he had suffered a calamity by his loss. This opiate to his wounded spirit was ineffectual; "I am most unfortunate (said he to himself,) I had almost rather have lost my money than my dog." Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure, it was missing; no bag was to be found! In an instant he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly. "Wretch that I am! I alone am to blame, I could not comprehend the admonition which my innocent and most faithful friend gave me, and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and he has paid for his fidelity with his life."

Instantly he turned his horse, and went off with a full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw, with half-averted eyes, the scene where the tragedy was acted; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded; he was oppressed and distracted, but in vain did he look for his dog—he was not to be seen on the road. At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what were his sensations! his heart was ready to bleed! he cursed himself in the madness of despair. The poor dog, unable to follow his dear, but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and in the agonies of death he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail—he could do no more—he tried to rise but his strength was gone; the vital tide was ebbing fast, even the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for a few moments; he stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness for the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast

a look of kindness on his master and closed his eyes for ever.

ON THE TRAVELLING OF LIGHT.

THE rays of light travel one hundred and fifty thousand miles in a second, and are seven minutes in completing their passage from the great luminary to our earth, a distance of about seventy millions of miles! The velocity with which they travel from the sun is so astonishing, that a ball discharged from the mouth of a cannon would be several weeks in accomplishing the task. It has been ascertained that a ray of light is one continued stream of small particles, so minute that a lighted candle, in a second of time, diffuses several hundreds of millions more particles of light than there are grains in the whole earth.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD YANKEE.

THE current American term "Yankee," was a cant or favourite word with one Jonathan Hastings, a settler at Cambridge, North America, about the year 1713. The inventor used it to express *excellency*. For instance, a "yankee good horse," or "yankee cider," meant an excellent horse, and excellent cider. The students of a neighbouring college were accustomed to hire horses of Jonathan; their intercourse with him, and his use of the word upon all occasions, led them to adopt it, and they gave him the name of "Yankee Jonathan." It was dispersed by the collegians throughout New England, until it became a settled term of reproach to all New Englanders, and eventually to all North Americans.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wootton.

A COUNTRY parson for five successive Sundays preached from the same text, the beginning of which was, "And Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." The parson one day passing by the church heard the bell tolling, and being ignorant of the cause, asked a lad who was going by at the same time why the bell was tolling. "Whoy," says he, "I doant know but as how it may be Peter's wife's mother, for she's been sick of a fever the last five weeks."

NOBLE SENTIMENT.

THE magnanimity and devotion of Henry III. king of Castile, to the welfare of his subjects, cannot be sufficiently extolled. Being pressed by his ministers to impose a duty upon property, in order to redeem his revenue, which had been pledged for four millions of maravedis, he replied, "That he could not listen to such counsel, because he dreaded infinitely more the tears and maledictions of his people than the arms of his enemies."

AN IGNORANT COMMUNICANT.

AN ignorant soldier of Quebec, observing some of his comrades stay behind him at church, asked them, on their coming out, what was the reason? They told him, jeeringly, that the parson had treated them with some wine. "No other liquor?" says the fellow. Seeing he swallowed the bait, they answered, that he might have what liquor he chose. Next Sunday he staid to have his share; and when the clergyman offered him the wine, he put up his hand to his head, in token of salutation, and said, modestly, "Please your reverence, I should prefer punch."

THE following string of apologies, respecting Mr. Moody's absence from the theatre one evening, we find in a newspaper of the time:—

DRURY-LANE, Feb. 22, 1790.

THE TEMPEST, AND ITS THREE ADDRESSES.

LAST night was a Tempest of PROVOCATION; for, when *Trinculo* was shrouding under *Caliban*, the *Drunken Butler* (Moody) was missing. Mr. Dignum came forward, and thus curiously addressed the audience:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, owing to some mistake, Mr. Moody is not in the house; we therefore humbly hope you will excuse HIS part."—(a!—hiss!—hiss!—hiss!—a!)

SECOND ADDRESS.

MR. BENSLEY came at length, and, like a gentleman in language and in manner, told them Mr. Moody was just come to the house—if they would favour him with their patience two minutes, and their accustomed indulgence, he was there ready to perform the character—(much applause.)

THIRD ADDRESS.

MR. MOODY himself (hardly we thought himself)—He begged pardon for the in-

terruption; but as he was coming to town, upon Westminster bridge, his chaise met with a little bit of a turn over, and that occasioned the delay. The audience turned over their displeasure, and laughed heartily.

ON A DULL PREACHER, WHOSE TEXT WAS, "Watch and Pray."

By our preacher perplex'd,
How shall we determine?
Watch and pray, says the text;
Go to sleep, says the sermon.

A FEW years ago, a learned man in the law having lost an eye, and being informed that there was then at Constantinople an European who made false eyes, not to be distinguished from natural ones, he immediately procured one; but when it was placed in the socket, he flew into a violent passion with the eye-maker, abusing him as an impostor because he could not see with it. The artist, fearing he should lose his pay, assured him that in time he would see as well with that eye as with the other. The offender was appeased, and the artist liberally rewarded; who having disposed of the remainder of his eyes, left the Turks in expectation of seeing with them.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUPPLEMENTARY Number of the MIRROR, containing the Spirit of the Annuals and Christmas Presents, with fine Engravings, will be published on Saturday next.

Guibert is sincerely thanked. We have searched in vain for the communications alluded to; perhaps fresh copies could be supplied?

We cannot give *The Whiskers* as an original article, as our correspondent would have us. For reasons why and wherefore—vide, *Literary Gazette*, vol. I. col. II. page 531.

We really cannot oblige N. W. F.

J. G. S. is accepted.

Y. Z.—thanks.

W. H. H. is received.

We shall be pleased to see the drawings so kindly promised by W. A.

We cannot promise to send the following papers to the printing-office:—*S. J.—a*; *A New Contributor*; *Veritas*; *Mad Sally of Horsebridge*; *S. B.*

Attention will be paid to the following signatures:—*H. P.*; *Baillie Nicol Jarvie*; *J. M. Y.*; *J. D. G.—r*; *A Constant Reader*; *E. F. G.*; and others.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand (near Somerset House), and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.